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### Chapter 1 by Chatty\_8902

#### Chapter 1 Brandon

It was July 17th and the weather was unnervingly warm. The time was 9:15 am and I eventually began to roll out of bed. The humidity in the bedroom seemed as if it was increasing by the minute. I didn't know where I was; one thing I knew for sure was that I had a intense headache. The door to the bedroom was open and the blinds were closed so this was the only source of light in the room. As my eyes adjusted to the light, I could see a tall dark haired man leaning against the door frame. He smiled. His teeth were crystal white so either he had the money to have his teeth whitened or he was just someone who brushed his teeth at least 2 times a day. He wasn't wearing any clothes apart from a dark blue towel that was wrapped around his waist. His eyes were pure brown, dark brown almost black.

"G'morning sweetie." He spoke softly, with a Australian accent but with a deep voice that almost every girl would want to wake up to. I am a girl of 19 years of age and I live in Wisconsin. I have long brown hair and bright blue eyes. Also, I'm 5'6 and skinny. My name is Chyanne. Anyway, who was this guy? I looked at him with a confused face.

"You don't remember me from last night?" I looked at him with a even more confused face.

"Right. Okay, well listen you are at my house and my name is Brandon."

"How come I'm in your bed?" I asked. "Well, I wasn't that we slept together."

"You really don't remember?" "Well, I don't remember, I was drunk."

"Great." I said trying not to sound disappointed, he looked

great with his toned muscles and great jawline... I was staring at him, Brandon laughed again.

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"Listen Chyanne, I had a great time last night at the party and then well yeah."

"Party?"

"Yes a party where people go and they dance and hookup?"

"Who's party was this?" All I remembered from yesterday was being at home to getting dressed up and that's all I can remember.

"Danny's. I'll tell you something Chyanne, Danny knows how to throw a good party." He nodded with a wide grin on his face.

"Danny?" Who was Danny?

"Yes, Danny. Your boy best friend." Wow. It was Danny I couldn't believe that I didn't remember my own boy best friends name. I felt extremely guilty about this. "Anyway, you should probably go take a shower, half way through the night you kinda threw up and then I took care of you after that." He turned away and left me to it. "Your clothes are in the top drawer of the bedside table!" He called back as he walked down a corridor. I got out of bed and I wasn't wearing anything at all. I pulled open the top drawer and there was this neon purple boob tube dress. I couldn't wear this, so I grabbed my underwear and one of his shirts and put them on with some shorts of his. To my surprise they actually fit. Now I had to find this shower. I went down the same corridor Brandon did a few minutes ago and saw him sat at a table eating breakfast. I leaned on the door frame like he did to me and waited for him to look up. He had gotten changed into a pair of neon pink Calvin Klein's and a batman t-shirt. He slowly began to look up and followed my legs up to my head. He smiled, "Wow, so you took my clothes?" I nodded slowly and he spoke again. "Want some breakfast?" I nodded once more then came over and sat next to him on the table. He put his hand on my thigh. "So what do you want to eat?"

"Got any bacon and mushrooms?" He nodded and got up and walked over to a door behind him and opened it.

"You coming?" I got up and followed him into the room and sat on a side while he lifted a hatch and sparked on the simmer hob. Then he grabbed out a pan and filled the bottom layer of it with cooking oil. I watched him, half wanting to know what his story was and half urging him to hurry up. He turned back and asked "Do you want a roll or just two slices of bread?"

"Can I have a roll please?" I said in my most mannered tone. He smiled again and turned back to

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